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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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### EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Executed with neatness and despatch.

## POSTAGE.

IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER?

BY THOS. HAINES HAYLEY.

Is there an unbeliever?  
One man who walks the earth,  
And madly doubts that Providence,  
Watched over him at his birth?  
He robs mankind forever  
Of hope beyond the tomb:  
What gives he as a recompense?  
The brute's unhallo'd doom!

In manhood's loftiest hour,  
In health, and strength, and pride,  
O! lead his steps through valleys green,  
Where rills and glad cowpils glide;  
Climb nature's granite tower,  
Where man hath rarely trod;  
And will he then, in such a scene,  
Deny there is a God?

Yes!—the proud heart will ever  
Prompt the false tongue's reply!  
An omnipresent Providence  
Still madly he'll deny;  
But see the unbeliever  
Sinking in death's decay,  
And hear the cry of penitence!  
He never leaved to pray.

## I REMEMBER THY VOICE.

I remember thy voice, when evening  
Is shading the earth and sky;  
When the light of the stars is falling  
On my sad and tearful eye.  
I remember its tones in silence,  
When the moonbeams float around,  
And the wings of my spirit are folded,  
And hushed is every sound.

I remember thy voice, when the heavens  
Ate stainless and pure as my love,  
When no cloud cast its shadow around me  
As I worship the blue above.  
And oh! when in stillness I'm thinking  
Of the shadowy spirit land,  
Then it comes like the harp-like voices  
Of a shining angel band.

I remember thy voice, when gently  
The tones that I love to hear,  
Breathing thoughts of love and of gladness  
Fall sweetly on my ear.  
I remember it then—but it never  
Will mingle with other tones;  
In its own sweet, tender music  
It falls on my heart alone.

## TO THE ABSENT.

Oh hours that are fled,  
Fond vision of hours long wasted away,  
How bright it comes o'er me,  
Fair forms flit before me,  
Like the last beaming ray of autumnal day.

Again that sweet voice that murmur'd love,  
So kind and so soothing,  
My care-worn brow smoothing,  
Seems still with its magic my heart strings to move.  
Those dear lips of thine, prest often to mine,  
All trouble beguiling,  
So wondrously smiling,  
The bliss they imparted no words can define.

The chair still I see where oft she has set,  
And rock'd in repose,  
Charming face as the rose,  
Those hours and those charms I can never forget.  
That hand which so soft, with fervor and truth,  
So softly I've press'd!  
To brow, lips, and breast;  
Is gone from my grasp like the day-dreams of youth!

Oh! has she forgotten those moments of bliss?  
Which too rapidly sped,  
Yielding sweets as they fled,  
But were sealed o'er they fled with a lingering kiss.  
If she has,—these lines will bring to mind yet,  
Like a tale that is told,  
E'er memory is cold,  
Scenes, hours, and vows, she never can forget.

And oh! till again, as time passes on,  
Our hands and lips meet,  
In union so sweet,  
We'll linger with pleasure o'er hours that are gone.

## THE BUSTLE.

Hail, beautiful bustle! mysterious bustle, say!  
Of flesh and blood, of rags, or bran or hay,  
Art thou composed, and dost thou claim  
A local situation and a name?  
Say whence thou sprang, and what thy use or end,  
And these I promise with my verse to blend.  
Thou art, indeed the pride of every belle,  
Who doth delight in all to cut a swell,  
And by that aid secures the utmost honor  
That feathers, rags or hay can heap upon her.

I know of bumps, at least a score in all,  
Which have been worn from time immemorial;  
To wit: the back, the shoulders and the side;  
That bumps abound upon the smoothest head.  
Now, if from these paternity you claim,  
Then tell me, pray, what is your proper name;  
But these aside, in three alone we find  
Love, grace, and beauty in one happy combin'd.  
Hail, wonderous age! when nature's perfect law  
Resigns the contest to a bag of straw!  
When fashion bold, embracing every whim,  
Augments the most where Nature fain would trim;  
And taste, as fickle as the fleeting wind,  
Must needs attach an extra bump behind—  
While youth and beauty, bending 'neath the load,  
Becomes a martyr to the laws de modo.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker for October.  
THE ULTRA MORAL-REFORMER.  
A SKETCH FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

"My dear," said Mr. Mallory to his wife one morning at the breakfast-table, "my dear you know I have fully adopted the principles of Teetotalism, Abolitionism, and Non-resistance. Upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion that principles are of no use whatever, unless put in practice, and I have determined to carry mine out to their full extent, and be governed by them in every act of my life, however apparently trivial."

"Your theory sounds very well, Mr. Mallory," said his wife, "but what change do you intend to make in your practice? I am sure you have always been temperate; you have always raised your voice against slavery at all proper times; and certainly you are not a fighting-man—I never knew you to get into a quarrel in your life, although your temper may have been occasionally ruffled. How you can alter your practice, except by keeping a more strict watch over your thoughts, actions, and words, so far as to offer as perfect an example as possible of a Christian life, I confess I cannot see."

"We must go farther than that, my dear. It has been the fault of most moral reformers that they have endeavored to eschew evil themselves, to wash their own hands clear of sin, and at the same time have practically upheld others in their iniquity. As for myself, I am determined to make thorough work, be the consequences what they may. We must discontinue the use of sugar and molasses. They are the products of slavery; and I will not uphold that institution, how indirectly soever. I will have no more cotton used in my family, for the same reason. You must purchase linen instead."

"But, Mr. Mallory, how expensive that will be!"  
"I can't help it, wife; I will not sell my soul for money. And there is another thing; you must not buy anything more of Mr. Winkle, the grocer. I hear he sells wine by the gallon, and I cannot conscientiously patronize such a man. And you know I told William the next time he played truant I would punish him, and lock him in his room two days. Now, yesterday morning he did not go to school as he was told to do, and in the afternoon he carried a forged excuse for his absence. Superficially considered, perhaps if he ever deserved punishment he does now; but to reflect on him convinces me that the principles of non-resistance forbids me the use of coercion even to a boy. We must rule by love. Is it not written: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the Lord?' And are we not commanded: 'Resist not evil?' No exception is made in the case of children. It would be doing evil in my family for the sake of keeping evil out of it. No; I'll not punish William for it is no better for a full grown man to fight a little boy than for two men to fight. It is a relic of barbarism, this using the rod, and shutting up children in dark rooms. It is an awful crime for a parent to strike his child. No; I will use love and moral suasion, and leave the rest to God."

"But Mr. Mallory, haven't you always punished William in love? I should be sorry to think you had punished him in anger. You know he is always a good boy for two or three months after punishment; while on the other hand, talking and persuading seems to have no effect whatever upon him, at certain times. I fear you will ruin him forever by this sudden change in your system of government."

"I think not, Mrs. Mallory; but even the fear of that should not deter me from doing my duty, which I conceive to be plainly this: Whenever I discover that I have been acting on wicked principles, I must discard them at once, and adopt christian principles in their stead; and no considerations of expediency should induce me for a moment to continue in my old course. I cannot serve God and Mammon."

"I have a case in point, which I think you will allow to be an exception to your rule. A man was injured by a fall last week, who was accustomed to drinking a pint and a half of spirits daily. He was taken to the hospital, and the doctor, who was a thorough-going teetotalist, refused to allow him any stimulant whatsoever, because he considered the use of spirituous liquors as a great sin; and no considerations of expediency, he said, should induce him for a moment to consent to such a thing. 'He must do his duty and leave the rest in the hands of God,' and the consequence was that the poor sot had the delirium tremens and died; when half his usual quantity of spirits, slightly decreased daily, would probably have saved his life. Now I am afraid the sudden change in your system of government will prove equally fatal to William. Cannot you make the change more gradually?"

"Gradually! Would you ask the pirate to leave off robbing and murdering gradually? The principle is the same in my case; the difference is only in degree."

After uttering this sage opinion, Mr. Mallory put on his hat and walked down to his counting-room to attend to his mercantile business, mentally reiterating on the way, the new rule of action which he had laid down for himself. Never to depart for an instant from his non-resistance, abolition, and teetotal principles, whatever might be the consequence to himself or others. He determined to test every act of his life by his new code of morals. Poor man! he did not reflect that there was a higher principle—the only primary, true, and immutable rule of action: 'Cease to do evil; learn to do well;' and that all others were but secondary to this great principle, and when found conflicting with it, cease to be correct rules of life.

Now it chanced that one of Mr. Mallory's ships had arrived on the previous night, and one was to sail on that day, after clearing at the Custom House. But as he repudiated human government, absolved himself from all allegiance to it, and renounced its protection, what would he do with those vessels? Pay duties on his cargo in one case, or pay for clearance in the other, he could not; for would not these sums contribute towards upholding a system of violence and war? His vessel could not go to sea without papers; so he discharged captain and crew and laid her up at the wharf. He could not for the same reason pay the duties on the cargo just arrived; so he discharged the crew and laid up the other vessel also.

Not many days elapsed before Mr. Mallory discovered that the person to whom he paid his wharfage led a very dissolute life. He came to the conclusion that the money he paid to him went to support him in his extravagance and dissipation. He could not encourage any man in such courses; and as he owned no wharf himself and could find no wharf-owners whose characters were immaculate, he was sorely puzzled what to do with his vessels. Provisionally he succeeded in finding a sufficient number of abolitionists and temperance men whom his conscience would allow him to employ, and thereupon he caused his vessels to be taken to the middle of the stream and safely moored. He was then easy on that score. He had many offers for his vessels, but they all came from men to whom his conscience forbade him to sell, as a matter of course, none who agreed with him in opinion wished to engage in such unholy traffic; and he could not sell to others, for that would be encouraging them in sins which he dared not commit himself.

A few days after this, Mrs. Mallory asked her husband for a little money, which she needed for some household purpose.

"I have no money, my dear," said Mr. Mallory.  
"You have no money, Mr. Mallory! Why you have become very poor all at once! There were large dividends declared on your bank-stock last week; why don't you draw them?"  
"I can't, Mrs. Mallory; my conscience will not allow me to do so."

"Heaven help us!—is the man crazy?" exclaimed his wife.  
"I trust not, my dear; but listen and judge whether I am right or not. I have discovered that large profits are made in these banks in loans of money to distillers and traffickers in spirits and wines; and to traders in the products of slave labor; and to the government where it is employed in building war-ships and in carrying on wars of extermination against the poor Indians. This capital which I have placed in these banks is used in a thousand ways to uphold vice and crime. It grieves me to the heart to think that money of mine is employed for such base purposes. It has become the sinews of war, the oppressor of the slaves, and the demon of the distillery. That money of mine is scattering moral pestilence and death wherever it goes, and it is potent for evil; for no sooner has it finished one work of darkness and returned to the bank-vaults than it is again sent forth on an errand of iniquity, and so on for ever. I will touch no more of the spoils!"

"Then sell your stock," said Mrs. Mallory.  
"Sell it, and we can live on the principal."  
"Sell it, woman! said the short sighted moralist, with virtuous indignation; 'do you suppose I would encourage others to commit crimes of which I shrink to be guilty of myself? Never! I leave the matter to Providence. I will neither touch, taste, nor handle the accursed thing.'"

"If you are not mad yourself, you will drive me mad, Mr. Mallory. It is lucky that you owe no debts. But there are many things wanted in the family, and unless you can contrive some way to get them, we shall all be obliged to go to the poor-house soon."

"Oh, I can raise a little money, my dear, for immediate use. Brother Bumble wants to buy some furniture for his parlor; and as I know he is a good man, and will not make bad use of it, I intend to sell him all our drawing-room furniture."

Mrs. Mallory controlled herself with difficulty; and when she saw the furniture carried away, she retired to her chamber and wept bitterly at the miserable prospect before her.

William soon got wind of his father's new system of family government. He concluded not to go to school any more; spent his time in bad company; rode about a great deal; and ran up a large bill at every tavern and stable in town. He was but thirteen years old, yet he soon reached half a century in sin. Mrs. Mallory was heart broken. Mr. Mallory would have been wretched, but his principles upheld him in the hour of trial. He could not interfere, for it would violate his conscience; and so it came to pass that William went to the devil as fast as he could travel.

"Time rolled on. With bills against his son continually coming in, and never-ceasing demands for household expenses, Mr. Mallory was sorely puzzled for money. One by one every piece of spare furniture was disposed of; expenses were curtailed, domestics dismissed, and yet there remained many calls unanswered and many debts unpaid. Mrs. Mallory at this time discovered that her husband was a large proprietor in the Lowell rail-road; a circumstance of which she was not before aware, for all husbands do not inform their wives of all the property which they possess. This corporation had lately made a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. Mr. Mallory owned fifteen thousand dollars worth of stock; six hundred dollars would make them quite easy again. She resolved to mention the subject to her husband; and accordingly at sup-

per that evening she began by inquiring of Mr. Mallory why he did not draw his dividend on his Lowell rail-road stock.

"Lowell rail-road stock!" said he; "how did you know that I owned any?"  
"No matter how I discovered the fact," said she; "you do own it; now why don't you make use of it, and relieve your family from disgrace and want? I have been obliged to take Emily and Ann from school because I have no means of paying their tuition; and unless you will avail yourself of the means you possess I shall be compelled to send them to the district school; no great hardship certainly, were it not that we are able to do better by them. Almost every decent article of our furniture has been sold; yet our butcher's and grocer's bills are unpaid, and our children are greatly in need of dresses and shoes. Do, my dear husband draw this rail-road dividend; we shall then be at ease, at least for some months to come, by which time I hope you may be brought to entertain more rational views on these matters."

"Rational views!" said Mr. Mallory: "that is ever the way with you advocates of expediency! When one has grasped the truth and determined to hold fast to it, be the consequences what they may, he is 'irrational'; he is a 'fanatic'; he 'carries his principles too far,' etc.; as if truth were a thing to be taken up when convenient and dropped when burdensome! In my days of sin and darkness I purchased a large amount of stock in the Lowell rail-road; but now that my eyes are opened, my conscience will not allow me to draw any support from that polluted source. The profits of that road are made by conveying passengers of all kinds many of whom are engaged in morally unlawful business, and are enabled by it to prosecute their sinful underlings with vigor and success; for instance, distillers, and wholesale and retail dealers in wine and ardent spirits. The money of pick-pockets, gamblers, drunkards, keepers and inmates of bad houses, and almost every kind of vile creature in the shape of humanity; all goes to make up and swell the profits of this corporation. And yet you ask me to partake of this unholy spoil. But there are worse objections still. A large proportion of the revenue of the road is derived from the transportation of cotton, a slave product, from Boston to Lowell, and from the freight of manufactured cotton goods from Lowell to Boston. This is the great business to which the road is devoted; and the conveyance of persons engaged in manufacturing cotton. The Lowell rail-road is one great prop of the tottering edifice of slavery. I will touch none of the unhallowed spoil!"

And thereupon Mr. M. put on his hat and walked out of the house with his head very erect and his face glowing with the expression of the self-satisfied and self-righteous feelings which filled his heart and which he mistook for philanthropy and virtuous resolution.

As he passed along the street, and recognized many whom he knew to be engaged in what he considered 'morally unlawful business,' he indulged in thoughts and feelings which would have startled him could he have seen them put into words; and though he knew it not, the Devil was busy with his heart; 'I thank thee, God! that I am not like those whom I see around me.' He forgot the publican who was justified before the Pharisee, 'I thank thee that I am not a wine biber.' He forgot that his Saviour drank wine, and when there was none to be had, even turned water into wine for the use of the wedding-feast. 'I thank Thee that I do not, like these sinners around me, contribute to support human government and all its attendant iniquities.' He forgot that the Savior paid tribute unto Caesar, which went to support the government of Rome and all its vile concomitants.

Thus wrapped in the mantle of self-righteousness, and possessed by the demon of scorn, he passed through the streets, in his heart despising all whom he met, and arrogating to himself a purity beyond that of his divine Master. And yet poor Mr. Mallory imagined that his heart was filled with true philanthropy and the pure religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. Alas for him! alas for us all! For are we not liable, in a greater or less degree, to the same condemnation?

Time passed on, and Mr. Mallory, being determined to 'act up to his principles' in all things, extended the operation of his impracticable theories day by day into the minutest ramifications of the business of life. He was soon looked upon by many as an insane man, and his friends had a guardian appointed to administer to his affairs and look after the welfare of his family. This had become a necessary step, and Mrs. Mallory readily consented that it should be taken. But from that day and hour he refused to live in the house, or partake with the family in their meals. He said this 'would be but sharing in unholy spoil.' He went about preaching his favorite doctrines, living upon alms, and altogether leading a vagrant and precarious life. For instead of 'eating such meats as were set before him,' on the principle that 'the workman is worthy of his hire,' into whatsoever house he entered, he first asked:—'Are you abolitionists, teetotalers and non-resistants here?' If answered in the negative, he proceeded no further; but retracing his steps to the street, faced round and poured out such a volley of terrible denunciations against them and theirs, dooming them to infamy in this life eternal perdition in the next, that the inmates soon closed their doors and windows in self-defence, and left him to deliver the rest of his lecture to the crowd of laughing and hooting boys who always gathered about him on such occasions.

If, on the contrary, the answer were in the affirmative, he would enter the house with pleasure and sit himself down for a talk on his favorite

and only topics. He seldom found any of his friends however who held doctrines so ultra as his own; and when he discovered that they were not inclined to carry their principles to such a ridiculous extent as he had his, he charged them with 'making a compromise with the Devil';—with attempting to serve both God and Mammon; and invariably departed from that house immediately, refusing to partake of any refreshment, and breathing out denunciations even more bitter than he bestowed upon those who differed from him wholly both in principle and practice. 'For,' said he, as he shook his skirts clear of such friends you sin with your eyes open: 'you sin against the Holy Spirit that is within you, whose teachings you comprehend but refuse to obey; and never either in this world or the next, shall the dew of forgiveness descend on your parched and thirsty souls!'

Mr. Mallory would have been starved outright were it not that some charitable persons kept their opinions to themselves, tacitly allowing him to believe that they agreed with him in all things, and by this laudable hypocrisy inducing him to accept of their hospitality. Not always, however, could these considerate friends avoid giving cause of offence to his scrupulous conscience. He would inquire the history of every article of food that was set before him, and if he could detect any slavery, alcoholic, or warlike taint therein he would refuse to partake of those viands and would often quit the house altogether, lest he should be contaminated by those who, as he said, 'professed one thing with their mouths and practised the very opposite in their daily lives.' He once spent a few days with a benevolent physician for whom he did some writing, as an offset for his board; but he left his house in holy horror on being requested to copy a prescription for the cholera in which the word 'brandy' appeared.

Thus, sane on all other points, (and some may think on all,) Mr. Mallory led a vagabond life, preaching through cities and villages his favorite doctrines of moral reform, speaking really a great deal of truth, laying down generally correct premises, but reasoning thereon in such a manner as almost invariably to lead to error. His motto was: 'Never stand still; follow unhesitatingly where principles lead; always improve.' An excellent motto certainly, and worthy to be adopted by all. But unfortunately, Mr. Mallory, though possessed by a strong desire to be a great reasoner, had only a semi-logical mind. The consequences were lamentable. His principles as he called them, proved but *ignis fatuus* which led him away from the great highway of truth into the wilderness of error; convenient disguises assumed by Satan to lure him to destruction.

It can be no wonder therefore that every day found him engaged in some new vagary. The last was the wildest of all. He laid it down as a fact not to be controverted, that our ancestors obtained possession of this country by fraud and murder. He thought the receiver as bad as the thief, and one who would profit by murder as bad as the murderer. He came therefore to the conclusion that all who occupied lands which were themselves guilty of fraud and murder! He had shared in the unholy spoil, but he would partake of it no longer either directly or indirectly. He had renounced houses and lands himself; he would now refuse to receive any sustenance or support whatever from the occupants of the polluted soil of this country. He resolved to leave it forever.

He sought but sought in vain for any conveyance by which he could escape, without violating the principles which he thought to embark were owned by wicked men, or they were bound on some sinful voyage, or in the act of leaving the country he would be obliged to do something by which he would recognize the validity and propriety of a civil government which relied upon war for its defence. Finding himself thus hedged in by his 'eternal principles of truth,' so that he could neither turn to the right nor left without committing sin he wandered away to the sea coast, that being the very verge of the polluted land from which he wished to escape; and there seating himself on the brow of an overhanging cliff, he darkly mused of himself and of the unhappy world in which he was placed. The land breeze bore to him the scent of flowers and of new-mown hay; but to him it seemed the rank effluvia of corruption. The stars were shining in their clear sky, and the moon was just rising from her ocean bed; but their mild glances bore no heavenly message to his heart. To him they appeared to glare in fiery wrath on the iniquitous world below. He could not bear to look at them; they seemed to consume his very soul within him.

His gaze fell upon the ocean. Unrippled by the light fanning of the land wind, it was calm and smooth as glass as far as the eye could reach. Its bosom rose and fell regularly, like the young breast of a lovely maiden in a deep and placid sleep. The radiant fires of heaven and the distant blaze of the light-house flashed brokenly from its surface in long lines of undulating light. It presented to his weary spirit a picture of rest and peace. And tossed and worn indeed must his mind have been, when the never-resting ocean seemed peaceful in comparison. Only when it touched the accursed land on which he stood did it arouse from its slumbers and thunder forth its indignation and wrath.

Up to this period, amid all his vagaries, Mr. Mallory had been in some measure a sane man; but the balance of his mind was now irretrievably lost. Behind him lay the depraved and vicious earth; above him from the countless eyes of heaven glared Almighty wrath; before him was peace and rest. His brain whirled; he leaped from the cliff, and plunged into the waves below. He perished!—a victim to a false system of morals and philosophy.



## CLAY'S CONSISTENCY AND HONESTY.

That Henry Clay is a brilliant orator—that he possesses all the tricks and clatpans necessary to "catch the ears of the groundlings"—no one will deny. But when we have said this, we have yielded to him all that he can honestly lay claim to. He has a fervid imagination, abounding in trope and figure, with rhetorical action, graceful and fascinating. He can make the blood run riot through one's veins with his gorgeous pictures; but there is one thing he cannot do—he cannot convince. We ask the sober observer of the past—we ask you, Sir, whose grey hairs and furrowed brow show that you have lived long and worked well—what great argument of Henry Clay's now stands on record, the imperishable monument of his wisdom and his statesmanship? Look the archives over—pull down, from their cob-webbed resting places the dusty manuscripts—and where do you find the evidence! No where. You discover flowers and tinsel—but where is the man developed? Where is the strong mind—the labors for the working masses? Again—no where.

Henry Clay has been overrated; he is now overrated. He will leave nothing, when he passes off the stage, for a grateful and thinking and reasoning people to treasure up. He will disappear like the melting away of a gorgeous but fanciful dream.

The career of Henry Clay has been a fitful one. All his measures have centered towards his own elevation, and therefore he has been inconsistent. We say inconsistent, although his friends have made his consistency a constant theme of praise. Upon this point let us pause a moment, and examine for ourselves. The whole declarations of the federalists we have been long accustomed to, and should give them but little weight. Once Henry Clay, on the floor of Congress, uttered the following sentiment:

"Sir, I find in the federal Constitution no grant for the exercise of this *vagrant power* to charter Banking institutions."

Henry Clay was then honest; but the golden spectacles that were soon held up to his eyes by the monied influence enabled him to find that "vagrant power," and this was the result, spoken on the same floor:

"Sir, it is the duty of Congress to furnish to the people a sound and adequate currency; this can only be done through a *National Bank*."

So upon the tariff. He once opposed the protective principle. He said there was no necessity for it. Hear him:

"Carry out then the spirit of the compromise Act. Do not raise the question of Protection, which I had hoped had been put to rest. There is no necessity for Protection."

Now hear him again, after the New England manufacturers have "pulled wool over his eyes":

"This mighty people ought to be no longer dependent on foreign nations for articles of manufacture. Let the mechanical ingenuity of our people be encouraged into action, our domestic resources be developed, and home manufacture protected and rewarded!"

Surely, the fabled seven-league boots must be in the possession of Henry Clay!

But we are informed that, at any rate, he is *POLITICALLY HONEST*. Is he? Upon this point we cannot do better than to copy the language of that able and truly democratic paper, the Bangor Democrat:

"Some of our readers may remember a certain bargain made by John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, which gave to the former the office of President and to the latter that of Secretary of State. It also put Mr. Clay in the line of safe precedents for the Presidency. Since that time democrats have considered Mr. Clay 'politically dishonest,' unscrupulous in his ambition, and dangerous from his want of integrity. Have the whole democratic party done him injustice?"

That contains the whole truth in a nut-shell, and we commend it to the sober thought of the people. Henry Clay is a magnificent political demagogue, dishonest in grain, and ready to veer, like the weathercock, with any party breeze, if he may but mount upon it and be borne upward.—*Portland American*.

## ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN TURKEY.

Lord Palmerston having complied with the wishes of his anti-slavery friends, by directing the British Ambassador at Constantinople to interpose with the Turkish government some representation on the subject of slavery, received from him the following characteristic epistle:

Viscount Ponsonby to Viscount Palmerston. THURSDAY, 27th December, 1840.

My Lord—I have paid the greatest attention to your lordship's several instructions on the subject of slavery in Turkey, with the hopes of arriving at some result that would afford a chance of obtaining in any degree the object your lordship so earnestly desires to accomplish. I have mentioned the subject; and I have heard with astonishment, accompanied with a smile, at a proposition for destroying an institution closely interwoven with the frame of society in this country, and intimately connected with the law and with the habits, and even the religion, of all classes of the people, from the Sultan himself down to the lowest peasant.

The Sultans for some centuries past have never married, and the imperial race is perpetuated by mothers who are slaves.

In all other families slaves may be, and often are the mothers of legitimized children, who are in all respects as much esteemed as those of legal wives.

The admirals, the generals, the ministers of

state in great part, have been originally slaves. In most families, a slave enjoys the highest degree of confidence and influence with the head of the house.

To carry what your lordship desires into execution, it is necessary to limit the law of succession to the crown and after the policy that has so long guided the Sultans in that respect, and to change fundamentally the political and civil institutions and laws and all the domestic arrangements of the people. Universal confusion would perhaps be the consequence of such violent changes, and probably those persons intended to be most benefited by them would be the greatest sufferers.

The slaves are generally well protected against ill treatment by custom and the habits of the Turks, and by the interests of masters and their religious duty; and perhaps slaves in Turkey are not to be considered worse off than men every where else who are placed by circumstances in a dependent situation, whilst, on the other hand, they may attain, and constantly do enjoy, the highest dignities, the greatest power, and largest share of wealth of any persons in the empire.

I think that all attempts to affect your lordship's purpose will fail, and I fear they might give offence if urged forward with importunity. I was asked, "What would the English government think of the Sublime Porte if it was to call upon the Sovereign of England and the people of England to alter the fundamental law of their country, and change its domestic habits and customs in order to please the taste of the Turks?" I could perceive, in spite of the good humored politeness with which this question was asked, that there was something like wounded feeling in the speaker.

The Turks may believe us to be their superiors in the sciences, in arts, and in arms; but they are very far from thinking our wisdom or our morality greater than their own.

PONSONBY.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 15, 1842.

### THE EASTERN ARGUS, HENRY CLAY AND PARSON CASE.

It is no less the duty of every Democrat to expose the treachery and secret machinations of pretended friends than to combat the attack of open enemies. However unpleasant the task, the Democracy should be constantly apprised of every insidious attempt to swerve them from their principles or betray them into the hands of their enemies. The course of the Argus under the management of Mr. Case is believed by many discerning Democrats to be more suspicious than the "Argus Revived" was at first under the auspices of that political Judas, F. O. J. Smith.

After the severe castigation which Parson Case received from the Democratic Press in the country for his fulsome eulogium upon the great leader of New England Federalism, Daniel Webster, it was confidently hoped by the old friends of the Argus that he would have so far respected the feelings of his readers as to suppress any further development of those conservative principles he so recently brought with him from Massachusetts. But in this our friends have every where been disappointed. With an apparent settled determination to outrage the feelings of the Democracy of Maine, he has entrenched himself behind the venerable name of the Argus and is there laboring to prop up the crumbling structure of Federalism. To remove all doubts upon the subject, let every Democrat in Maine read the following extracts from the Argus of the 25th of October, and blush that the Argus should be thus prostituted by that fawning, cringing, sycophant of Henry Clay.

"HENRY CLAY AND THE PRESIDENCY." "That Henry Clay is one of the great men of the age, no intelligent person will deny. We have never witnessed any thing in his career, that lead us to suppose him *POLITICALLY DISHONEST*. He is intellectually great, and has all the elements of a popular leader. He possesses probably, the elements of a great popular leader, in a greater degree, than any other politician, in active life, in the Union. He is one of the best parliamentary speakers of the age, and has the power of attaching men to his interests and of drawing, or forcing them into his support beyond any other Statesman, in Europe and America; and what is of more consequence, he will be a formidable opponent to the DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE, whoever he may be."

Would any one, a year since, believed the above article could have found its way into any Democratic paper in Maine? Who could once suspected the Old Eastern Argus would ever teamed with such nauseating praise of Henry Clay? Have the people of Maine so soon forgotten the part that Henry Clay performed in planning with Graves the murder of the lamented Cilley, as to believe him now to be an "HONEST MAN?"

He, who is regarded, by every Democrat in the Union, as being morally and politically rotten, is pronounced by Parson Case to be not only one of the greatest men of the age, but the most popular Statesman in this country or in Europe, but to be "POLITICALLY HONEST." To show your readers with what avidity this recommendation of Henry Clay is seized upon by the Federal Papers, to strengthen the hopes and revive the desponding feelings of their party, I would call their attention to the following article from the "Old Portland Gazette."

### "MR. CLAY'S PROSPECTS."

"The AMERICAN is pleased to say, in substance, that the effect of the elections this fall, will be to lay Mr. Clay on the shelf—to set him aside altogether, as the candidate of the Whigs. 'The Argus, on the other hand, with much more foresight, because more discretion, seems to think that Mr. Clay has still great elements of strength, and great resources to fall back upon. We copy to-day, the noticeable article which appeared in Thursday's Argus. It has a good many admissions in favor of Mr. CLAY, and Mr. CLAY'S FRIENDS, which are so obviously true, that it costs nothing to state them. IF ANY WHIGS ARE DISPOSED IN THE SMALLEST DEGREE, TO ABATE THEIR CONFIDENCE IN THEIR OWN CAUSE, AND THEIR OWN CHAMPION, THEY MAY FIND SOME ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE FRANK ADMISSIONS OF THE ARGUS."

Should any further evidence be necessary to convince the Democracy of Maine that the destinies of the party, so far as they are committed to Eliphalet Case, are in unsafe hands, or should any have doubts that he had not, before leaving Massachusetts, sunk, to the lowest ebb of political degradation, in the estimation of our friends there, I will present a few facts for their consideration.

In April, 1841, after Harrison's election Mr. Case, then Postmaster at Lowell, entertaining some fear that his treachery to the Democratic Party in the great Presidential contest was not sufficiently known to the Whigs to conciliate them and "save his Bacon," defines his position in a long Address "TO THE CANDID MEN OF ALL PARTIES." The following extracts will suffice:

"It has been attempted to excite prejudice against me by crying 'mad dog,' by declaring that I am a *partisan* or *have been one*. Is it true that I AM OR OR EVER WAS A PARTISAN? I have even refused to LOSE MY PERSONAL IDENTITY IN A CROWD! (You don't say so, Parson.) I have written letters to political opponents as well as political friends, using the franking privilege—and HAVE CIRCULATED EVEN MORE WHIG DOCUMENTS THAN DEMOCRATIC, sent to my Office for distribution."!!!!

"Out of his own mouth" he is condemned.

The Lowell Patriot, a sterling Democratic paper, in an article dated April 8, 1841, will settle, in the minds of every true Democrat in Maine, all controversy respecting this twaddle, Case. The article was in reply to Case's long address to the "candid men of all parties," of which the above were extracts.

From the Lowell Patriot.

"We had intended to give a short reply to Mr. Case's auto-biography, in one of last week's Advertisers—but on second thoughts have concluded to drop the subject for the present; as we happen to be very busy at this time, and find much more important matters to engage ourselves about, than following him through his life. Indeed, it hardly seems necessary to answer what every one can read and understand; no one can doubt for a moment that the article alluded to, was written with the express intention of retaining the Post Office. No body has ever attacked Mr. Case upon his former course, and yet we see him coming out at great length and defending what has never been touched, telling the people what an *honour, fine fellow* he has been. Why was this done? The answer is plain, to retain the office if possible, to urge his valuable services upon the people, with such earnestness as to prevent them if it would be from moving against him, to conciliate his political opponents by the good Lord, good Devil, style of the article, and so if possible contrive to keep his station. Every one with half an eye can see all the motives of his recent conduct, they have been simply to retain the emoluments of his office at all hazards; it was for this that after the contest became doubtful, last Fall, he did NOT RAISE HIS FINGER OR utter a whisper to HELP HIS DEMOCRATIC BROTHERMEN; it was for this that he professes never to have abused Gen. Harrison, it was for this that he removed his printing from the Advertiser [idem] to the Courier, [idem] it was for this that he has truckled to the party now in power, it was for this that he has written the last history of his life; and yet if common report tells the truth, notwithstanding he has done all these things, he will soon lose the object of all his desires, and remain only a splendid specimen of a man fallen between two stools."

Here we have, from the testimony of those who best know him, the character of the man that bought up the Eastern Argus to teach the people of Oxford and Cumberland Democracy! The man who "DID NOT RAISE HIS FINGER OR UTTER A WHISPER TO HELP HIS DEMOCRATIC BROTHERMEN" in the great Presidential struggle of 1840, when nothing but darkness and clouds encircled our political horizon, is now the self constituted cornerstone of our political temple. Can the Democrats of Maine commune with one who has been *hissed* out of a Democratic Meeting in his own State for his perfidy, and there been stamped with the curse of ingratitude? Would the country be now witnessing the disgusting spectacle of federal misrule had it not been for such political renegades as F. O. J. Smith and Eliphalet Case scattered over the country at the last Presidential contest, betraying us, Judas like, into the hands of our enemies? Shall such men as these, the mere cast-offs and vomitings of the party, be permitted again to abuse and betray the confidence of the honest and warmhearted Democrats of Maine? The indignant response of every Democrat from York to Aroostook will be NO!

ANDROSCOGGIN.

### NEW YORK ELECTION.

We have returns from New York City and vicinity which leave little room to doubt that the Coons have been as thoroughly skinned in that State as they have in those other States where elections have been held this fall.

The majority for Bouck, the Democratic candidate for Governor, in the city is *Twenty-two hundred*, and as far as heard from *Five thousand four hundred and fifty*.

The New York Courier and Enquirer, Coon, says: "From all appearances, we have been as thoroughly beaten throughout the State as in the city; and we do not perceive as yet, that we have any apology to offer for our defeat but a want of votes."

It appears, by the official canvass of the votes for State Senators, that twenty-two Democrats have been elected and one federalist, leaving eight vacancies, viz:—1 in Franklin, 2 in Somerset, 3 in Waldo, and 2 in Kennebec. The vacancies will be filled by the Legislature, and, of course, will be filled by the selection of Democrats.

That coon must feel lonesome.

The New Hampshire House of Representatives have asserted their right to alter or repeal acts of incorporation, when demanded by the public good, by a vote of 143 to 70.

Gov. King has appointed the 24th, as a day of Thanksgiving in Rhode Island. Great cause for Thanksgiving among some of the *suffrage prisoners* in that State, we opine.

The following remarks from the Democratic Review, most aptly represent the present condition of the Coon party:

"It is clear that the game is now all up with the whigs proper and improper. The elections of the summer and fall have turned directly upon the main point in which they have staked their last cast—their whole organized existence—Clay. We cannot see a chance; a hope—a chance of a chance, or a hope of a hope—now left them. Since the Ohio election we have been reminded of the contingent nature of Mr. Clay's acceptance of their nomination; and when the further evidence reaches him from New York of its desperation, it is difficult to imagine that he will continue much longer a struggle, himself must feel to be worse than vain. And yet if Clay abandons them—as he might well say that they deserved, for their abandoning them in 1840—who is there to constitute any rallying point of leadership to their disorganized and dissolving measures? Webster stands now out of the question, after the violence of feeling wrought and brought into into every form of language and action against the administration of which he has been a member, and of which he continues to be an adherent. Not till a bridge can span the broad Atlantic, can possibly re-unite the still widening and deepening chasm which yawns between them and Tyler. Old Adams might serve again as a last resort of despair, but for the irreconcilable relations which the few past years have created between him and the United South. Can they hope to find any worthy member of the Democratic party available as an instrument of attempted disunion in our ranks? There is none such within our range of vision, of importance sufficient to be formidable, combined with laxity of principle, to be within the reach of possible suspicion; and whoever should hazard the folly of such treachery would quickly find his power for evil to perish on his hands, in the very act of using it. No, Clay alone can keep them together, even as a minority party; yet what the use of that attempt even he should be willing thus to sacrifice the lingering remnant of his old age for nothing—for so much worse than nothing?"

Now we have a kind of sincere regard for the whig party. We are most unfeignedly anxious that they should hold together a year or two longer, if any process of art can rally the exhausted powers of nature. If we may borrow a pugilistic illustration, we would hold them up on their feet a little while longer, till they can be knocked down never again to attempt to rise."

Official count of votes for Senators and County Officers, for the Political Year 1843.

FOURTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

Whole number of ballots	7560
Necessary for choice	3781
John W. Dana	5088
Virgil D. Parris	4832
Lee Strickland	5081
Benj. Thompson	1740
Olis Hayford	1739
Andrew Brown	1736
Francis Hamlin	530
Ira Bartlett	530
Jefferson Hall	498
Scattering	

County Commissioners, Oxford County.

Whole number of ballots	5302
Necessary for choice	2651
James Osgood	3536
Jonathan B. Smith	4029
James M. Stanley	3982
David Noyes	1433
Timothy Gibson	1431
Samuel Holmes	1431
Z. Robinson	450
Amos Saunders	490
Seib B. Newhall	462
Scattering	650

Clerk of Courts, Oxford County.

Whole number of votes	5458
Necessary for choice	2729
Joseph G. Cole	4010
Thomas Clark	1430
Scattering	0

County Attorney, Oxford County.

Whole number of votes	5126
Necessary for choice	2513
Elbridge Gerry	3988
Peter C. Virgin	1437
Scattering	1

The Hero of the Hermitage.—The Cincinnati Inquirer says: "We have just seen a letter from Gen. Jackson to a friend in this city in which he states that he has entirely recovered from the effects of the accident by which he was lately thrown from his carriage and severely bruised. The venerable patriot says, 'that the great democratic triumphs in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, have cured all my wounds without a doctor.'"

### BANKRUPTCY.

The New York Journal of Commerce, advises those who intend to take the benefit of the bankrupt law, to be about it speedily, for there is good reason to think it will be repealed at the next session of Congress. The editor of the Journal says he knows personally members who voted for the law, who will vote for its repeal at the next session.

This was one of the great measures of Clay's extra session—one that would restore the "lost prosperity" of the country; so the whigs boasted. It was intended as a sort of bribe to the 500,000 bankrupts supposed by the whigs to exist at the time of its passage—and a kind of hob-bly which they used to log roll other measures through. Thus it was conceived in corruption, and its bad effects will long be felt. It is the broad path in which rogues may easily pursue a system of fraud upon their creditors. The law has been condemned by the people, and even some of the whig members who voted for it, have changed their minds, since its rascalities have become more apparent.

A large number of persons have availed themselves of its provisions, even in New England; among these are many honest, good men, who would not be guilty of a dishonest act, but whose situation was such as to justify them in taking the benefit of the act. But this fact cannot be urged as a justification of the law. So long as it opens the door to fraud, it should not be sustained. We say repeal it—the sooner the better.—*Hartford Times*.

"SAW MY LEO OFF."—We notice in a Western paper that a Mr. Saume was united in marriage lately to Miss Marian Legoff.

The Factory System.—The Olive Branch, a religious paper of the Methodist persuasion, remarks that

"Great men, and in many respects good men, pay little attention to the happiness of their poor work folks. The Messrs. Lawrence, some time since, according to the Lowell newspapers, when overstocked with goods, ordered the speed of their mills slackened one third, instead of giving their help one third of the time for rest and improvement of their minds, their poor people were kept in the mills twelve or fourteen hours, to do what they could as easily have done in eight or nine. We mention this case because these gentlemen are among our first citizens and one of them has been a member of Congress, and has talked great words about a protective tariff and all that, for the benefit of American laborers, while his own workmen could not be allowed a few hours a day for rest and to cultivate their minds, which he could give them without the cost of a cent. O no!—the workmen must be brought to feel that they are a part of the machinery of a factory!"

CONSCIENCE. On Thursday forenoon during the session of the Court in this city, a person by the name of Flint, of Lee, came into the Court House and very deliberately walked up to the witness box and seated himself in it placing his head on the front rail. After sitting in that posture for a few minutes he raised himself in his seat and commenced praying for forgiveness for having committed perjury on that stand. The Court here interposed and the officer took the man from the room. As however he seemed impressed with the duty of making confession for his crime in the place where he committed it, the Sheriff kindly offered him an opportunity of doing so during the recess of the Court after its adjournment for dinner. At the time appointed he took the stand, and there made a full confession of the crime and detailed all the circumstances attending it. The false testimony was rendered in an action tried at the May Term, 1840, in which his father was defendant and Isaac Hacker, plaintiff. His testimony, though false, did not however alter the result of the cause, a default having been suffered notwithstanding the evidence. Since that time it seems the witness has undergone an infinite deal of remorse and trouble on account of the act, and he felt that he could not be forgiven or at ease till the crime was confessed in as public a place as it was committed. The witness bore no marks of being otherwise insane, and he protested that he was in his right mind and knew perfectly what he was about. He came all the way from Lee, 70 miles, for the express purpose of making the confession, and returned peacefully home. He is known to be a person of respectability and intelligence—and during the recital of the circumstances connected with the case, was frequently overcome with grief and tears.—*Bangor Whig*.

A tedious law suit.—The Supreme Court of Berlin have lately decided a case that has been in Court over three hundred years. The celebrated Count Egmont, who was beheaded at Brussels in 1563, by order of the Duke of Alva, figured at one time as a witness in it. The dispute was between the Arenberg family, and the family of Manderscheid. The law process began in 1539, and the subject in dispute was a sum of about 200,000 thalers, which the first named family claimed from the latter by virtue of a marriage contract which was concluded in 1517.—Eighteen Courts have in succession been occupied with it, in the last place that of Munster.

The Superior Court at Berlin has condemned the Manderscheid family to pay to that of Arenberg, the sum claimed, but without interest, and has decreed that each party shall pay his own costs, the whole of which amount to half as much again as the capital.

The costs, it is said, will ruin both families.

MILLERISM.—Rev. Fred'k Plummer, Unitarian clergyman of Philadelphia, has recently given his views upon Mr. Miller's advent doctrine. It would seem from the following extract from his lecture, that the world is yet to jog on fourteen thousand years at least: "Mr. Miller believes that the seven days of Creation are a type of the length of the world, or seven thousand years, when the last day will come. God made a Covenant to Abraham and his seed, which should be to a thousand generations. Now a generation is about 35 years, but taking it at 20 years, to favor Mr. M. it will be seen that the Covenant was to last 20,000 years, 6000 years of which have only expired!"

PICKLED EGGS.—An industrious farmer's wife residing at Shipton, near Andover, among a variety of other pickles which she annually introduces into her store-room, preserves pickled eggs. The process which she uses in curing them is very simple. When she has a large stock of eggs on hand, she boils some six or seven dozen till they become hard. She then divests them of the shell, and puts them into large jars pouring upon them scalding vinegar, saturated with ginger, garlic, whole pepper and allspice. This pickle is an admirable aid to cold meat, and is, in the winter months, regarded as a perfect farm house luxury.

RARE CHANCE.—One of the Providence papers says, that a young and pretty factory girl in that town has \$2000 cash, the property of her own industry. She refuses to give her name or residence, for fear there would be too great a rush.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

Jefferson's of M. Randolph, Charlottesville, wards Mr. C. constantly made often said he out any valuable study, or any ed in sound p theoretical." of Monticello.

A COON JELLY. In 1840, 35 gro tons! ye fields and reeking of pigs! let the rain; for the hungry brand the Buckeye! fallen on your had not been had not been had not been grey, and go your. Weep for earrings around your balls and pearls for beads coats of Ken linsey-woolsey of a virgin he coon skins! bora of Israel carving knife, died—there be ters of Ohio!

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**Jefferson's opinion of Henry Clay.**—Thomas  
M. Randolph, in a letter to the editor of the  
Charlottesville Advocate in 1827, said:—"To-  
wards Mr. Clay, as a politician, Mr. Jefferson  
constantly manifested a strong repugnance, and  
often said he was merely a splendid orator, with-  
out any valuable knowledge from experience or  
study, or any determined public principles found-  
ed in sound political science, either practical or  
theoretical." Such was the opinion of the Sage  
of Monticello.

**A COON JEREMIAH.** Ye high places of Lex-  
ington, ye groves of Frankfort, ye plains of Day-  
ton! ye fields yet smoking with barbecue fires,  
and reeking with the blood of horned cattle and  
of pigs! let there be no dew upon you, neither  
rain: for there were the knives and forks of the  
hungry brandished in vain! Ye daughters of the  
Buckeye Dominion, weep for Hal! who has fallen  
on your high places; as though his virgin heifer  
had not been picked, as though his virgin heifer  
had not been seasoned with salt, and basted with  
gravy, and gormandized by men mighty to de-  
vour. Weep for Hal, your "protector," who  
for earrings of gold, and ornaments of pearls  
around your necks, would have given you potato-  
balls and parsimonies for ear-rings, and crab-  
apples for beads—who would have given you petti-  
coats of Kentucky hemp, and flowing gowns of  
linsey-woolsey—who would have made you shoes  
of a virgin heifer's hide, and muffs and tippets of  
coon skins! Weep for Hal! who, like Saul  
born of Israel of old, hath fallen on his own  
carrion knife, and pierced himself through and  
died—there being none to deliver! Weep daugh-  
ters of Ohio! weep for Hal!—N. Y. Plebeian.

**GREAT SQUIRREL HUNT.** Two great squirrel  
hunts have taken place this fall at Stockbridge,  
Mass. The company consisted, in the first hunt,  
of fourteen men on one side, under Capt. J. D.  
Adams, on the other side ten, under Capt. J. E.  
Field. The number of squirrels killed on the  
side of Capt. Adams was 1818; being an average  
of 151 to each man. On the side of Capt.  
Field, 1634; being 161 to each man. Capt. Ad-  
ams was therefore declared fairly beaten.  
The defeated party, not being entirely satisfied  
challenged the other to a second trial, with five  
men on each side. The number of squirrels killed  
on the side of Adams during the second hunt,  
was 1003; on the side of Field, 1608. Adams  
was again declared beaten, and the affair was  
concluded with a supper of fine oysters. The  
result of the two hunts give evidence of some tall  
shooting, as well as plenty of game. Each hunt  
lasted but one day.

**GREATEST.**—Elnathan Moseley, Esq. of Etta,  
Maine, has raised this season, upon nearly an  
acre of land, a crop of Potatoes at the rate of  
seven hundred and twenty bushels to the acre.—  
If any body can beat that let him speak.—Whig.

—The Showhegan Clarion gives an account  
of a gentleman in Bangor, who was deeply en-  
gaged in speculating and became greatly embar-  
rassed and applied for the benefit of the bank-  
rupt law. On his assignee taking charge of his  
effects it was found that he had a clear property  
of three thousand dollars after paying his debts!

**FUNNY.**—The wag of a Tattler, speaking of  
Webster's speech at the Park on Friday, says it  
was not exactly what the crowd expected it would  
be. "The ultra-Whigs anticipated another  
thrust in the ribs from Dan. The Tyler men  
thought he would bellow the President with a  
little more soft sander. The out and out Locos  
didn't care much what he said, but thought he  
might give Clay another slap over the muzzle.—  
All were disappointed. Dan put his hands in  
his pocket, looked quietly round and hawked  
three times, winked to the Mayor who was stand-  
ing just beside him, and then spoke about Croton  
water—enterprising people—noble city—gush-  
ing fountains, and pretty girls. Then he said  
something about the amicable settlements of all  
difficulties with England, but as some six pound-  
ers were at that moment speaking on the same  
subject, he barely alluded to it. He thanked  
the people for calling on him, and intimated that  
he would be happy to see them when he had  
nothing better to do. Then he bowed very pret-  
tily all round, walked over to the Astor House  
and asked Foster for a strong gin sling, to settle  
the bad brandy he had swallowed at the City  
Hall."

**HON JAMES BUCHANAN,** now on a visit to  
Philadelphia, has been tendered the compliment  
of a public dinner by his political friends, for his  
firm and uncompromising support of Democratic  
principles and measures.

**ANOTHER DUEL.**—Two U. States midshipmen,  
names not given, fought a duel at Norfolk, Va.,  
on Saturday evening—one of them, on the first  
fire, received his antagonist's ball through the  
left leg, about the knee. One of the midshipmen  
was from Ohio, the other from Illinois. Let them  
be "stricken from the rolls."

**A FLYING MACHINE.**—A man in New Orleans  
is constructing an extraordinary machine by  
which he intends to navigate the air. He is a  
skilful and intelligent mechanic and is san-  
guine of success.

**CONSTANTINOPLE,** Sept. 28.—Yesterday a  
steam frigate, built by an American, was launch-  
ed here in the presence of the Sovereign, his  
ministers, the foreign ambassador, &c. and named  
Esmer (Djedid, new work). Her machinery (which  
is English) has long been waiting for her. It is  
to be hoped the Capudan Pacha will not spoil  
her by sticking her full of guns, for which por-  
tholes have been prepared.

It is supposed that during the late Ohio elec-  
tion, a number of Federalists staid at home—that  
is, remained in other States where they belonged,  
instead of going into Ohio to vote, as they did  
in 1840.

A writer in a Boston paper intimates that Dr.  
Channing will be made to suffer in the next  
world, because he misused his talents while on  
the earth. Probably this writer will never suffer  
much on account of his talents.

#### MARRIED.

In Norway, by Rev. T. J. Tenney, Mr SYLVANUS  
PORTER, of Paris, to Miss ESTHER C. MILLETT, of Nor-  
way. Accompanying the above we received a long  
and happy life, with a sufficient quantity of this world's  
goods to sweeten and make it palatable.

In Washington city, last night, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr.  
Z. Douglas Gilman to Miss Helen Paris, daughter of  
Hon. Albion K. Paris, Second Comptroller of the Treas-  
ury.

#### Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

**NOTICE** is hereby given that by virtue of a License  
from the Court of Probate holden at Paris in the  
County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of October last,  
there will be exposed for sale at public Vendue at the  
Store of Daniel Tyler in Brownfield, in said County,  
on the 24th day of December next at 10 o'clock A. M.,  
so much of the real estate of DAVID CLEMENT, late  
of Fryburg, in said County, as will produce four hun-  
dred dollars, and so much of the real estate of FRED-  
ERICK CLEMENT, late of Fryburg, deceased, as will pro-  
duce the sum of four hundred dollars, for the payment  
of their debts, charges of Administration, and incidental  
cliaiges.

Said real estate consists of a Lot of land in Brownfield  
containing seventy-two acres, bounded by Obadiah Cle-  
ment's and James Weller's land, and formerly owned by  
Dudley Bean. Three Lots of land in Bachelors' Grant  
with the dwelling houses of the deceased and land con-  
nected in Fryburg Village, Lot No. 1923, including the  
reversion of the Widow's dower in the same.

IRA TOWLE, Administrator.

Fryburg, Nov. 12, 1842. cbb

#### Sheriff's Sale.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, Taken on Execution and will be  
sold at public Vendue at the Store of Hubbard  
Marble, in Paris, on Saturday, the 17th  
day of December next at one o'clock P. M., all the right  
which FRANCIS BEMIS, of said Paris, has in equity  
to redeem a certain tract of land, being the southerly  
half of the double Lot of land numbered twenty-five and  
twenty-six in the fourth Range of Lots in said town,  
containing by estimation one hundred and fifty acres,  
be the same more or less, and are the same premises that  
were mortgaged to Simcon Cummings on the fourth  
day of December, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven,  
to secure the payment of two hundred dollars in one  
year then next with interest, and recorded in the Oxford  
Registry Book 28, Page 453, where reference is had,  
the same having been attached to the original writ,  
SIMCON CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.

Paris, November 28th, 1842. cbb

#### Commissioner's Notice.

**WE** the subscribers, having been appointed by the  
Hon. Lyman Rawson Judge of the Court of  
Probate &c within and for the County of Oxford, to re-  
ceive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate  
of HARRIET KELLEY, late of Livermore, deceased, rep-  
resented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months  
from the eighteenth day of October instant, are allowed  
to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and  
that we shall attend that service at the Office of Rowel  
Washburn, in Livermore, on the last Saturdays of De-  
cember and March next, at one o'clock in the afternoon  
of each of said days.

Dated at Livermore aforesaid this thirty-first day of  
October in the year of our Lord one thousand  
eight hundred and forty-two.

REUEL WASHBURN, } Commissioners.  
JOHN R. BRIGGS,  
ASA KIMBALL, }

23

#### Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

**THE** connection in business heretofore existing be-  
tween the subscribers is, this day by mutual con-  
sent, dissolved. All persons having demands against  
the company will call on said Besse who is duly author-  
ized to settle the same, and all persons owing the com-  
pany will settle the same with the said Besse, he having  
taken the property belonging in said partnership to pay  
the debts.

JOHN R. BRIGGS,  
CALEB BESSE, Jr. }  
Woodstock, Nov. 5th, 1842. }  
23

#### DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S PECTORAL BALSAM

—OF—  
SPIKENARD, BLOOD ROOT, WILD  
CHERRY AND COMFREY.

**THE** most effectual remedy ever known for Coughs,  
Croup, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Spitting  
of Blood, Influenza, Pain in the Side, Shortness of Breath, and  
ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.  
It affords wonderful relief to those laboring under these com-  
plaints, and the use of one bottle will satisfy the most incred-  
ulous that they possess a healing power above  
EVERY THING HERETOFORE DISCOVERED.

Around each bottle is a Treatise on Consumption, its causes,  
symptoms and cure, with full and particular directions for using  
the Balsam, what food, drinks, clothing, air, exercise, &c.,  
should be used.

This Valuable Healing Cough Balsam,  
Possessing the restorative virtues of many Roots and Rare  
Plants, which have been prepared with great care, can be ob-  
tained of the regularly appointed Agents, Merchants, Traders,  
Druggists, Apothecaries, and Dealers in Medicines throughout  
the N. E. States.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Doctor's Office, 15  
Hawley Street, Boston.—Price 60 cents.

For sale, in this place by T. CROCKER, & by the Agents  
for the Doctor's Medicines throughout the County.—(Lef 6021)

#### THEOPHORA MERRILL

**H**AS just returned from Boston, and offers a beauti-  
ful assortment of

MOUSLIN DE LAINES, ALI-  
GENES, SARCOT CLOTHS,  
CALICOES,

From eleven to thirty cts. per yard.

Silk and Cotton Velvet.

SHAWLES, GLOVES, TRIM-  
MINGS for Gentlemen's Clothes.

Dress & Bonnet Silk.

CLOAK CLOTHS.

A splendid assortment of RIBBONS, LACES, and a variety  
of smaller articles at low prices.

Miss M. will keep Bonnets on hand and make to order.  
Oxford, Nov. 1841. 127

#### BROCKETT & INGRAHAM,

TAILORS,  
AND DEALERS IN

Broadcloths, Cassimeres & Vestings,

No. 7, Exchange Street,

PORTLAND.

Wm. C. BROCKETT, }  
Wm. W. INGRAHAM, }

3m30

#### DR. T. H. BROWN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

PARIS HILL.

**Foreclosure.**  
**NOTICE** is hereby given, that I, PAUL ADAMS, of  
Boston in the County of Suffolk and Common-  
wealth of Massachusetts, Assignee of a  
certain deed of Mortgage—dated the fourteenth day of  
November, A. D. 1832—made by Jacob B. Brown, of  
Poland in the County of Cumberland and State of Maine,  
to John Foster, late of Cambridge in the County of  
Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts—and  
recorded with the Records of Deeds, Oxford County,  
Maine, Book 38, pages 240, 241, and 242, do, as assignee  
thereof, claim the land and Real Estate therein specified,  
by virtue of said deed of Mortgage: Said premises and  
estate consist of several parcels of land situate prin-  
cipally in Oxford in said County of Oxford, but partly in  
Hebron in said County of Oxford, and more particularly  
described as follows, namely:—Part of the Land in said  
town of Oxford which formerly belonged to ANDREW  
CHAMBERLAIN, being a tract of 2729 acres, more or less,  
exclusive of roads, rivers and house lots on the then new  
County road—also bounded and described by courses,  
surveys and monuments, laid down upon a plan thereof  
made by David Noyes, dated Nov. 3, 1831, to which  
reference may be had; being the same conveyed to said  
Brown by said Foster on the day of the date of said  
Mortgage. Also 68 house lots on said County road in  
said town of Oxford, delineated on said plan and thereon  
divided into four Divisions, as follows:—First Division  
—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Fourth Division—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Each of said Divisions being num-  
bered from the Little Androscoggin River as follows:—  
First Division—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Second Division—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Third Division—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Fourth Division—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Other parcels of land, marked by said Noyes, on the plan  
of the town of Hebron made by Alexander Greenwood  
in December, 1819, as follows, to wit:—A. 26, contain-  
ing about 304 acres; B. 1, containing about 63 acres;  
B. 2, containing about 100 acres; B. 4, containing about  
32 acres; B. 5, containing about 140 acres; B. 14, about  
21 acres; B. 22, about 60 acres; B. 23, about 84 acres;  
B. 27, about 85 acres; B. 29, about 60 acres; B. 30,  
about 73 1/2 acres; C. 3, about 115 acres; C. 5, about  
100 acres; C. 6, about 28 acres; C. 7, about 50 acres;  
C. 9, about 10 acres 112 rods; C. 11, about 84 rods 63  
rods; C. 18, about 27 acres 80 rods; C. 19, about 63  
acres 40 rods; C. 21, about 29 acres 120 rods; C. 24,  
about 171 acres; C. 25, about 369 acres 72 rods; D. 8,  
about 65 acres 42 rods; D. 12, about 40 acres 80 rods;  
D. 15, about 103 acres 80 rods; D. 16, about 51 acres 120  
rods; D. 17, about 78 acres 80 rods; D. 20, about 40 ac-  
res 80 rods; D. 25, about 160 acres. All of said lots  
being situate in said town of Oxford, excepting the three  
marked B. 1; B. 2; and C. 2; which are in Hebron,  
aforesaid. Also the Water privileges at Woodward's  
Mills—situated on said first named plan of said Noyes.  
All said premises being the same deeded to said Foster  
by John Foster, Samuel Haven & co. and Mary Foster,  
in her own right, and as guardian, on the day of the  
date of said mortgage.

And the condition of said Deed of Mortgage has been  
broken. By reason whereof, I, the said Paul Adams,  
do hereby claim a foreclosure of said Mortgage, and give  
this notice of the same pursuant to the Statute in such  
case made and provided.

PAUL ADAMS,  
cwb

Nov. 3d, 1842.

#### NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

**WHEREAS** Samuel H. Houghton of Paris in the  
County of Oxford, on the second day of June,  
A. D. 1840, by his deed of that date conveyed to the  
subscribers a certain tract or parcel of Land situated in  
Woodstock in said County, estimated to contain twenty  
acres, as described in said deed, which is recorded in the  
Oxford Registry of Deeds Vol. 80, page 18, and the  
reference may be had; and whereas by a Bond of the  
same date we did obligate ourselves to reconvey to the  
said Houghton, the same premises, upon the performance  
of the conditions therein specified, which conditions  
he has wholly neglected to perform; we do there-  
fore claim to hold the same for condition broken and to  
foreclose the Mortgage aforesaid.

CHRISTOPHER BRYANT,  
LUTHER WHITMAN,

Nov. 7, 1842. cwb

#### CAUTION.

**ALL** persons are hereby cautioned against purchas-  
ing a note of hand signed by Stephen Stone and  
Chauncy Stone and running to Hosea Austin or order  
(or bearer amount from fourteen to fifteen dollars or  
less) dated about the 1st day of April, A. D. 1842,  
as the same was given without consideration.

Lawful atty of  
LEVI LUDDEN, } Stephen Stone &  
Dixfield, Nov. 5, 1842. } Chauncy Stone.

#### ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

**BY** virtue of a License from the Hon. Judge of the  
U. S. District Court for Maine State, I shall  
sell at public Auction at the farm of William Noyes in  
Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, a Bankrupt, on  
Wednesday, the 30th inst. at 10 o'clock A. M. a lot of  
Notes and Accounts belonging to the Estate of said  
Noyes, a list of which may be seen by calling on the  
subscriber.—Terms, Cash.

JERAM HOLT, Assignee.

Norway, Nov. 3d, 1842.

#### LYMAN DANIELS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
ANDOVER, MAINE.

#### Commissioner's Notice.

**WE** having been appointed, by the Judge of Pro-  
bate for the County of Oxford, to receive and  
examine the claims of the creditors of CALVIN BUCK-  
NAM, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, whose  
estate is represented insolvent, give notice, that six  
months, commencing the eighteenth day of October,  
eighteen hundred and forty-two, have been allowed to  
said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and  
that we will attend to said service at the Office of Rowel  
Washburn in Hebron, on the last Saturdays of De-  
cember and March next, from one until four o'clock in  
the afternoon on each day.

CALVIN BRIDGEMAN, } Comrs.  
SAMUEL WILLS, }

Dated at Hebron, Oct. 31st, 1842. 25

#### LEWIS' ARABIAN HAIR OIL.

**THE** knowledge of this highly esteemed Oil for the  
Hair was obtained from a distinguished ARABIAN  
by the subscriber. It is used almost universally in this  
country, and is a popular article with the la-  
die and young men to make the hair grow long, to give  
it healthy and lively appearance, and preserve its beau-  
ty to an advanced age. It is decidedly the best Oil that  
was ever used in this or any other country for preventing  
the hair from coming off, giving life to the roots, and mak-  
ing it grow long and soft. It also deters it and gives a  
beautiful gloss.

ROBERT B. LEWIS, Hallowell.

Prepared and sold by the sole Proprietor,  
SAMUEL ADAMS, Hallowell, Me.

AGENTS.—Hubbard & Marble, Paris.—O. H. Paine,  
South Paris.—G. J. Ordway, Norway.—Joseph Nelson,  
Waterford.—J. E. Ladd, Augusta.—Little, Wood, & Co.  
Winthrop. 6m3

#### SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,  
PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly at-  
tended to.

Feb. 14, 1842. 41

#### TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

To the Honorable Court of County Commissioners for  
Oxford County.

**THE** undersigned a Committee in behalf of the town  
of Norway would respectfully represent that the  
old County road from Nathan Noble's Corner in Norway  
to Greenwood line is rendered unnecessary in conse-  
quence of the location of another road, but a short dis-  
tance from and nearly parallel with the same. They  
would therefore pray that after due proceedings had  
said road first mentioned or so much thereof as you may  
deem just and expedient, may be discontinued.

HENRY C. REED,  
IGLAHOD BARTLETT,  
SOLOMON NOBLE.

Norway, Oct. 29, 1842.

#### STATE OF MAINE.

**OXFORD,** ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and  
held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford,  
on the first Tuesday of November, 1842, by adjourn-  
ment from September Term, 1842.

**ON** the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petiti-  
oners give notice to all persons and corporations in-  
terested that the County Commissioners will meet at the  
dwelling house of Daniel Hubbs in said Norway on Fri-  
day, the sixteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock  
A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set  
forth in the petition; and immediately after such view,  
at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a  
hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing  
the County Commissioners to be requested to meet the  
petitioners at the dwelling house of Daniel Hubbs in said Norway on Fri-  
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